



# THE EXAMINER.

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## The Thing to be Done!

A lawyer of eminence and a slave-holder says:

"To your propositions, legalizing the marriage of colored persons, and forbidding the separation of families, I have no objections to make; I think they are right, and, independent of all questions about slavery, ought to be carried out."

And such, we venture to say, is the opinion of nearly one out of every ten slave-holders. Nobody can deny the justice of these propositions. None doubt the good which must result to master and man if they are adopted. Why not, then, urge the Legislature to act on the subject? Why cannot the Church speak out here? We hope these propositions will be brought before our legislature—and that slave-holders there will be the first to support them."

## The Thing to be Undone!

And that is, to get people to speak out, not others thoughts, but their own, on the subject of slavery. Is it right? Nobody says so hereabouts. Does it pay? Every body admits it does not. Why then make the State a sort of Deaf and Dumb Asylum on this great matter?

A letter before us declares "a majority in our county are for emancipation." Well, have they no tongues? Are they mute? We have this assurance from many quarters of the State. Yet pro-slavery men are afraid to do any thing least they may rouse a host, and anti-slavery men are afraid to do any thing lest they should create mischief. Let us away with this fear! Let us break up this unmanly timidity, and discuss fairly and above board the great question.

## It is So.

A slave-holding friend, well acquainted with the South, said to us the other day: "You are in error in saying, that the positions of Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Dallas, and Gen. Cass, will not be satisfactory to the South—they will be—well, the leading Southern papers—the Charleston Mercury, Savannah Georgian, &c., have spoken, and they assail them as resolutely as they do the positions of the most ultra—We shall try and publish their remarks next week."

No do we blame them. If it be their right, under the law, for any Southerner to take his slaves into whatever territory the Union holds, the Southern States should not submit, for a moment, to any attempt at its overthrow—The pretence that slavery cannot exist there, is absurd and contemptible—absurd, because planters, and the country know better as regards the lower or South-western portion of the territory we now hold, and contemptible, because those who offer this as a reason for the acquisition of territory affect, at the same time, to believe that unless the question is settled as they desire, the Union will be dissolved.

Do politicians take Southerners to be fools? Do they think them blind to interest, and the plainest deductions of reason? If the Constitution gives them the right to go, with their slaves, on the Rio Grande, they will go, and no power can prevent it; if the Constitution forbids, they will submit, whatever may be said to the contrary by lawless, or angry threats of the Union.

## Education.

We must press this subject. There is a general desire, everywhere, to do something effective with regard to it, but, at the same time a general fear that nothing can be done. Fling doubts to the winds! We have the power to make a great beginning—to establish a well devised and thorough system, and what is more than the means to carry it on and force it through.

We stated last week what New York had effected for her common schools, and with a fund, in comparison no larger than ours. Let the following table speak for itself:

Kentucky. New York.  
School fund, \$1,221,819 217,514 47  
No. of Children between 5 and 16, 85,432 700,442

Why, our fund is the largest! Taking the proportion of children to be taught, by far the largest! And then look at the number of all ages who attend the common schools of New York! Last year it was 743,887, exceeding those between the ages of 5 and 16 by 47,934! How is it in Kentucky? Who can answer this question without a pang?

True, her position, in some respects, is better. True, also, that she is free from one terrible difficulty which besets us. But the great success of the common schools in Louisville, proves that the State has only to take hold of the subject in earnest to insure success in all parts of it.

There is no doubt about the right of every man to be instructed. Not that he must seek instruction for himself—not that he should go out of the way to get it—we mean nothing of the kind, however strong the individual obligation may be upon one and all to do this. We mean that the State should put the means of education within every man's reach, and see to it, that their children are taught to read and write. And especially must this be the case, when the State has, as our possessed, a fund—a sacred trust—which, if rightly applied, and wisely managed, would accomplish this great end!

The character of a Commonwealth is every thing to her. And what constitutes that character? Intelligence and virtue. It may possess other and great qualities; it may have courage, and all the physical attributes in the highest perfection; it may be noted for generous impulse and a warm patriotism; but if we lack these, it cannot occupy an elevated or commanding position. Who at home, likes to hear it said of a State, that one-seventh of its voting population cannot read the Bible, or the written charter of our common liberty? Who, abroad, when hearing such a fact declared, of any Commonwealth, can associate with it greatness, or those higher qualities of mind, and soul, which give perpetuity to human happiness?

Nor will it do, in reply, to point to distinguished statesmen or lawyers, or divines. We should rejoice to have such. It is a good and glorious sign to see and hear them in any State. But how fares it with the masses—how is it with those who know not how to care for themselves, and who, if they did, possess no means to advance their own moral and mental culture? This is the test question. The exceptions—the great men who have defied all opposition and risen to place and position, (one in ten thousand) the few who are born to fortune, and who have their minds cultivated to the uttermost—cannot be made the rule. Give us the poor boys of the poorest hovels—give us the ragged apprentices in any of our cities, give us the sons and daughters of the toiling craftsmen, or the stunted farmer, and let us know how it fares with them, how they are cared for, whether the social sun-light by which the mountain-tops are lit up, rests also upon the low places, and we will tell you whether the State has done, and is doing, its whole duty.

The South, Kentucky included, is fearfully in the back ground, if judged by this test. We have furnished statistics frequently to show this. And can we doubt as to the cause? Why

should Massachusetts be so much in advance of South Carolina? Why should New York surpass Kentucky? Cool heads within—able heads without—all unite in saying, frankly and above board, that Slavery alone is the cause. Hear what one of the strong minds of the country declares on the subject:

"The effect on the intellectual, moral and religious condition of the State is surely undoubtful. He is only continued in Slavery by restraining him from the civilization of mankind in this age. His mind, conscience, soul—all his nobler powers—must be kept in a state of inferior development, otherwise he will not be a slave in the nineteenth century, and in the United States. In comparison with the intellectual culture of their masters the slaves are a mass of Barbarians, still more barbarous, when compared with the free institutions of the North."

This is not a mere matter of inference, the fact is substantiated by the notorious testimony of slave-holders themselves.—In 1834, the Synod of South Carolina and Georgia reported that the slaves "may justly be condemned as the Heathen of this country, and will bear comparison with the Heathen in any part of the world." They are destitute of the privileges of the Gospel, and ever will be under the present state of things. See the "Negro Slave in the South, there are no *independents exclusively devoted to the religious instructions of the Negroes*." Of the regular ministers—but a very small portion pay any attention to them." "We know of but five churches in the slave-holding States built exclusively for their use," and "there is not sufficient room for them in the white churches for their accommodation." They are unable to read, as custom, or law, and generally both, prohibit the instruction. They have no Bibles—no family Bibles, and when in Luther. And does not she make a strong case! Hear her, in her husband's barber shop, as she hears or chatters with customers:

"Slowgoe, in course, Mr. Nutts, after this session of Parliament you'll shave for me."

*Mrs. Nutts.—The Barber's Chair.*

Douglas Jerrard makes a sharp "un" out of Mrs. Nutts. She has no notion of your *liberal* men—your progressives—your reformers. None such ought to have wives and children. She both, prohibit the instruction. They have

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*Mrs. Nutts.—From back parlour.*

A ha'penny! With soap at its present price! Besides the disgrace of doing things cheap! Not if I know my husband, Mr. Slowgoe.

Slowgoe. Oh, you must indeed, Mrs. Nutts. You must go with the spirit of the times.

*Mrs. Nutts.* I'm tired o' hearing of it. Spirit of the times! I'm sure things was much better when there was no talk of spirit at all. It's a bold Nutts last night, as is leadin' all to rain."

Nutts. The spirit of the times, Mr. Slowgoe, doesn't make people's chins a bit the shorter, does it? Why, then, drop to half price?

Slowgoe. You're a liberal man, Mr. Nutts, and it's only fit you should suffer for it. If you will have the Jews in Parliment, why you must shave all the closer. Don't you see when half of us give up being Christians, and when the rest of us give up being Jews, we'll be obliged to do when all the Minories in the world give up being Jews, we'll show the cloven foot and come out with their beards again? They'll make a law against shaving, and, for what I know, hang every barter at his own pole.

*Mrs. Nutts.* There, Nutts! And then who do you think will take care of me and your children? People with liberal opinions, as you call 'em, ought never to have wives and babies.

*Peter.* Peter! Mr. Simeon is worn in as Alderman; that's a stink in the right next.

In the slave States, at academies and grammar-schools, there were 52,906 scholars; in the free States, 57,174. But the difference in numbers here does not represent the difference of fact, for most of the academies and grammar-schools of the South are inferior to the 'school at public charge' of the North; far inferior to the better portion of the Northern "District Schools."

In 1840 there were at the various Colleges in the South, 7,106 pupils, and in the Free States, 59,297.

Here, too, the figures fail to indicate the actual difference in the numbers of such as receive a superior education; for the greater part of the eighty-seven "Universities and Colleges" of the South are much inferior to the better Academies and High Schools of the North.

In the libraries of the Universities and Colleges of the South there are 223,416 volumes; in those of the North, 593,897. The libraries of the Theological schools of the South contain 22,800 volumes; those of the North, 102,050.

In the Slave States there are 1,368,325 free white children between the ages of five and twenty, in the Free States, 3,536,689 such children. In the Slave States, at schools and academies, there are 2,212,444 pupils, at schools and colleges. Thus, in the Slave States, out of twenty-five free children between five and twenty, there are not quite five at any school or college; while out of twenty-five such children in the Free States, there are more than fifteen at school or college.

In the Slave States, of the free white population that is over twenty years of age, there are almost as many that are unable to read and write, while, in the Free States, there is not one in one hundred and fifty-six who is deficient to that degree.

It is but fair to infer that at least one-third of the adults of South Carolina, if not of much of the South, are unable to read and understand even a newspaper. Indeed, in one of the Slave States, this is not a matter of mere inference, for in 1837 Gov. Clarke of Kentucky declared in his Message to the Legislature, that "one-third of the adult population were unable to write their names"; yet Kentucky has a school fund, valued at \$1,221,819, while South Carolina has none.

In 1846 there were seventy-six patents granted by the national office for inventions made in fourteen Slave States, with a population of 7,334,431, or one for each 96,505 persons; at the same time there were 564 granted to the free States, with a population of 9,728,922, or one for each 17,249 persons.

In 1840 there were but 97,597 slaves in the South, and this is not a matter of mere inference, for in 1837 Gov. Clarke of Kentucky declared in his Message to the Legislature, that "one-third of the adult population were unable to write their names"; yet Kentucky has a school fund, valued at \$1,221,819, while South Carolina has none.

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In

"hands off." France, having expelled the Jesuits, cannot say a word! And to Austria and Prussia, the Diet may safely answer, the Swiss Catholic Cantons, both enlightened and religious, will take care of themselves! An English journal says:

Possibly it may turn out that the Conference will be unexpectedly provided with something to do, rising out of the relations between the Confederation and the King of Prussia is sovereign prince of that canton, which was, however, in 1815 admitted a member of the Confederation condition that the duties annexed thereto shall exclusively concern its own government. Neuchatel refused its contingent to the Diet on the breaking out of the civil war, declared its neutrality, and, on the defeat of the Sonderbund, put itself under the protection of the King of Prussia, who has formally signed that the armed interference of the King of Prussia will be regarded by him as *unjustifiable*. The majority of the Diet show symptoms of a determination to take possession of the canton unless their demands are complied with; but ultimately they will probably deem it prudent to desist without any further display of such a coercive and intolerant spirit. This will probably form one topic of deliberation of the projected conference.

But the main object of the diplomatic pacifiers will, no doubt, be to prevent any intervention of the Diet. They will all be difficult to see that the other Confederate party in Switzerland has been banished. But this was the object of the interference in the first instance, and will continue to be so to the last. Federalism must be maintained in Switzerland for the sake of abolition in the neighboring States. France and Austria may, therefore, possibly recover their diplomatic reputation, but their chances are slender. The Confederation with such an overwhelming military force at his command is not to be frightened. We shall watch the progress of the game with much interest.

Externally a new spirit is infused into the Swiss character. We hope soon to see a full and clear account of their social and political condition. We know what they were some twenty years since. Now we are less informed. Mr. Grote speaks highly of the Swiss. He applauds them for their freedom of speech and opinion, especially in the Radical Cantons. From him, too, we learn that the Catholics, among the masses, in the Catholic cantons did not sympathize with the Sonderbund, or its resistance to the Diet. The Non-Conformists hoping that these things are so, gives some slight exception. We quote what he says:

Mr. Grote, in his letters on Switzerland, applauds the freedom of opinion and speech prevalent in the Radical cantons. "We trust it is so, in the main; but at least there are some signal exceptions. General Dufour and his subordinates have, during the civil war, shown a forbearance and moderation which could scarcely be expected from men in arms. But the Diet is strongly leavened with the spirit of the violent Radicals, and is likely to prove more than those of their more temperate brethren. The Canton de Vaud which has been amongst the foremost in its zeal for the expulsion of the Jesuits, has just proved itself true to its character. Our readers will probably recollect the intolerance and cruelty of the authorities of this canton towards the seceders from the State-church. The Council of State has now gone a few steps further, in the promulgation of decrees suppressing the liberty of the press, restricting the right of private convention, and prohibiting all religious meetings without the pale of the "National Church." We should in vain examine the acts of the Austrian Kaiser to find anything more tyrannical. We see in how little practical liberty may often-times co-exist in democratic forms of government—how imperfet is the religious freedom of the subjects as long as Church and State are united. We cannot wonder at the abuse heaped upon the Federal Government when it tried to exert its authority in a manner which recalled to the very Jesuits they have expelled. This attempt to suppress the Free Church of the Canton de Vaud would afford a suitable occasion for Lord Palmerston's mediation on behalf of its persecuted members. A few words from his lordship, in the present state of affairs, might result in the withdrawal of the infamous edict. At all events, the Christians of this country may of themselves do much to secure that object, by memorializing the State authorities of the canton. The effort is a small one, and we hope it will be promptly made.

On the first page the reader will find an interesting account of the termination of the intercantonal war of Switzerland, with a detailed notice of the cruel tyranny of the Vaud.

New Resolutions—Important Steps  
In the Senate on the 10th M. HANNEGAN submitted the following resolutions:

**Resolved**, That no treaty of peace can be made with Mexico, having a proper regard for the best interests of the United States, which does not establish as a boundary between the two nations the most suitable line for military defence.

**Resolved**, That in no contingency can the United States consent to the establishment of a monarchical government within the limits of Mexico by the intervention of any European Power.

**Resolved**, That it may become necessary and proper, as it is within the constitutional capacity of the Government, for the United States to hold Mexico as a territorial appendage.

On the 12th, Senator HALE presented petition against the war. One of these was a memorial thirty-six yards long signed by the Unitarian Clergyman of the country. The memorial says:

"Solomon impressed with the conviction that the existing war between the United States and Mexico is in violation of the will of God, who has made of one blood all nations; of the Christian religion, which commands forbearance, forgiveness, mercy, and love, alike between States and persons; and the spirit of humanity, which seeks unite mankind in universal brotherhood; and, therefore, deliberately condemning it and uttering our protest against its continuance, we the undersigned, members of the Unitarian denomination, do as Christians, earnestly pray Congress and the Executive to take necessary steps for securing an immediate and permanent peace with Mexico, by withdrawing the troops of this nation from her territory, restoring to her possession of the provinces we now occupy, offering the amplest atonement in our power for the wrongs which may have been inflicted by us, and appointing commissioners empowered to adjust questions in dispute between the two sister Republics."

The committee of Foreign Relations reported a joint resolution creating a commission to determine the amount of American claims against Mexico during the war. SENATOR DICKINSON's resolution came up, and, after some upon them at length. They are:

**Resolved**, That in organizing a territorial government for territories belonging to the United States, the principles of self-government upon which our federative system rests will be best promoted, the true spirit and meaning of the constitution be observed, and the confederacy strengthened, by leaving all questions concerning the domestic policy thereof to the legislatures chosen by the people thereof.

From *Wilmer & Smith's Times* of Dec. 18.

TERRIFIC GALE ON THE COAST OF GREAT BRITAIN.—Our maritime intelligence presents a terrible catalogue of casualties, produced by the late gales throughout the neighboring coasts, and every day brings accounts of some fresh disaster. The frightful storms with which we have been visited have, in many parts, reached to the very bottom of the Atlantic.

At Dundee, Adrissay, Leth and Newhaven, the violence of the waves was greater than ever was known. Along the East coast of England, the storm equally raged.

At Liverpool the damage to the shipping was no less severe than elsewhere.

THE CLOAKER.—According to official documents from St. Petersburg of the 2d of December, the cholera was sensibly on the decline in Russia. From the appearance of the disease up to the 29th of November, the number of persons attacked at Moscow was 2,360, of whom 1,097 died. In the district of the government of Moscow 141 individuals fell ill, of whom 59 died. At Kief, from the 9th to the 16th of November there were 179 cases and 129 deaths. In the province of Kieff up to the 13th of November, 93 persons died out of 139 attacked. With the cold season, and the extension of the malady towards the West, the disease had lost a great deal of its energy. It was, in fact, declining everywhere, except in the government of Poltava, where it appeared to increase. The places newly invaded by the cholera are Mozhoff, on the Dnieper; Kherson, on the Black Sea; Vologda and Tver, on the road from Moscow to St. Petersburg; but in those places it is of a mild character.

THE INFLUENZA.—Throughout the length and breadth of the British Isles this epidemic has been raging as well as in most parts of the continent of Europe. In London, nearly one half of the persons employed in public and private establishments have been laid up. On one day alone there were 180 clerks and others absent from the Post Office, and 1200 of the police force were off duty. In the country all classes have suffered from it; while business has suspended its operations almost entirely. The rate of mortality is frightfully on the increase. As it has been most virulent on the Eastern coasts of England and Scotland, it proves the extent to which it has been created by poisonous exhalations, borne forward on the prevalent westerly wind.

SENATOR YULES, gave notice of his intention to offer the following as a substitute:

**Resolved**, That the territory belonging to or which may be acquired by the United States is the common property of the Union, and the seat of the same rests in the people of the several States of this Union.

**Resolved**, further, That the Federal Government has no delegated authority to exercise any legislative power within the said territories by which the equal right of all the citizens of the United States to acquire and enjoy any part of the common property may be impaired or embarrassed.

SENATOR HALE then gave notice that he would offer a substitute of this resolution:

**Resolved**, That it should be one of the fundamental rules and conditions of any territory which shall hereafter be acquired by purchase, conquest, or otherwise, that slavery and involuntary servitude, except for the punishment of crime whereof the party shall be duly convicted, shall be forever prohibited in said territory.

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#### Foreign News.

The Caledonia, which sailed from Liverpool the 19th ult., brings, on the whole, more cheering news—commercially, and politically.

The English are recovering from panic and pressure. There is some lethargy in the commercial circles; but all parties feel that the bottom had been touched. In a short period, all will "progress" as though a mounted hurricane had swept away its millions.

The House of Commons had appointed a strong committee on financial matters. It consisted of—

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir R. Peel, Lord J. Russell, Lord G. Bentinck, Mr. Milner, Mr. Gurney, Mr. Alderman Thompson, Mr. M. G. Beckett, Mr. C. Cobden, Mr. Spooner, Mr. Hudson, Mr. Hume, Mr. Ricardo, Mr. Glynn, Sir W. Clay, Mr. D'Israeli, Mr. Thorntun, Mr. J. Wilson, Mr. H. Drummond, and Mr. Tenent.

Of their doings, or not doings, we shall hear by the next packet.

Ireland is in better condition. Relief and coercive measures have been passed by Parliament. The first is partial. It relates to the public works, and rail-ways. We presume other measures will be proposed. The second met with a general support; even Mr. Hume, who has opposed all coercive bills, voted for it.

The Irish party made head against it; but they could command only nineteen votes. We trust a new system will be introduced by which Ireland may recover lost ground, and have full employment for her industry.

Another move onward! The House of Commons by a vote of 235 to 185 passed Lord John Russell's resolution relating to Jewish disabilities. The resolution reads:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION,  
BAZOS ISLAND, TEXAS,  
November 25, 1847.

The Algerian Rob-Roy, as the Arab Abd-el-Kader is called, has submitted to the Emperor of Morocco. May be so!

The Greek Question is unsettled. The Emperor of Russia has intimated to King Otho, that the Sultan is in the right, and he must submit.

Mr. C. Buller, F. W. C. Villiers, and Mr. Cowan have been elected members of Parliament.

#### Arrival of the Steamer *Cambria*. 16 days Later News.

The Royal steamer Cambria arrived yesterday, with fifteen days later intelligence from Europe.

Parliament was prorogued till after the holidays.

Prices for most articles had declined and again rallied. Wheat has advanced in England. The fine qualities of flour had advanced one shilling. Previsions are firm.

The amount of bullion in the Bank of England is said to be £12,000,000. The Bank has reduced her rate of interest to five per cent.

A new Ministry has been established in Portugal.

Maria Louise, the widow of Napoleon, is again.

The news from India is unimportant.

Ireland is still in an alarming condition.

The commercial news is generally regarded as favorable.

#### Political Movements.

Pressing invitations are sent to Gen. Taylor from various States to visit them. The meeting of Green county Pa., approved the course of the earlier Presidents, and expressed the hope, if the Generals were elected, that he would follow it. Andrew Stewart of Pa., inclosed the resolutions, and through him the General responds as follows:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION,  
BAZOS ISLAND, TEXAS,  
November 25, 1847.

Dear Sir:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 8th October, conveying to me a copy of the proceedings of a meeting of my Whig friends at Waynesboro, Pa.

I have read the resolutions adopted by the meeting with great pleasure and interest, and beg you to convey to me a copy of the proceedings of the same, so far as they relate to the distinguished honor to whom they have so flatteringly bestowed upon me, and my assurance that I have no wish or intention of changing the position in which I stand towards the people of the country in relation to the Presidency, or the course which I have taken to date.

I remain, dear sir, with the highest respect,  
Your most obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR,  
Major, G. U. S. Army.  
ANDREW STEWART, Uniontown, Pa.

The Democratic Convention of Ohio passed the two following resolutions :

**Resolved**, That the people of Ohio now, as they have always done, look upon the institution of slavery in any part of the Union, as an evil, and unfavorable to the full development of the spirit and practical benefits of free institutions; and that, entertaining these sentiments, they will at all times feel it to be their duty to use all power, clearly given by the terms of the national compact, to prevent its increase, to mitigate, and finally to eradicate the evil. But it is

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## LITERARY EXAMINER.

### The Two Rivers.

I own thou art a noble sight;  
Broad River! pleasant River!  
To where thy sandy outlets be,—  
To rocky clefts and thundering seas—  
From where, far past yon headlands green,  
With all thy flashing miles between,  
Dark, light, those azure streaks are seen,—  
Hills beautiful for ever!

I own thou art a noble sight;  
The sun and clouds of heaven  
Do make the day-hued and bright;  
Ours flash, suds glisten, a ruddy light  
Tinges thy ripples from the sea—  
Where the wide and high the sun's last rays,  
With fiery glow and gorgeous haze,  
Prelude the purple even.

But evermore upon thy brink  
Broad water, sweeping cheerly!  
Mine eyes are dim, mine eyelids sink,  
I look within, and think—and think,  
Till I behold the brook I know,  
'Mid fresh-bloomed orchards hear it flow  
Through all the ways that long ago  
I loved—I love—so dearly!

I walk within the woody place;  
The narrow pathways darken—  
The daylight faileth as I pace, —  
The bright sighteth in my face, —  
The moonlight smilhest suddenly  
To where the brook I know—  
And like mine own heart lead I thee,  
O Brook!—and pause to titter!

Deep down below the craggy ledge,  
I catch a stir, a glister,  
Through net-work of the flowering hedge  
That flings its garlands from the edge—  
Beast, happy solitary heart!

Ah no! not like mine own thou art!—  
Bound, healthy pulse, till night depart,

And all the cliff birds twitter!

Flow forward, night and day, O stream!

By woodland bank and meadow;  
Flow seaward under gloom and gleam,  
While I behold thee in a dream  
Believe thee of a truth: while Spring  
Crowneth my brook a sylvan king;—  
Crowneth my brook with blossomings,  
And sooth with shine and shadow!

There first the swallows dart and fly,  
And, rimming there, sweet River!  
Spring's first blossoms vivify—  
Sighs there? Deep sighs low lie  
In rocky angles for the rest,  
All summer-time. Spring loves thee best,

Rich Autumn, Winter holly-drest,  
Woo!—thou art Spring's forever!

*Athenaeum.*

From the London Christian Miscellany.

The Irish Boy's Lament.

O, thin, don't shut the door awhile; won't some of ye listen to me, for 'tis a sorrowful story I've to tell! The shining beams of the blessed heaven on yer head, my lady! and let me speak a minute while the hunger leaves me strength. Och! little I tho' I'd ever be driven from the stranger's thrashal. For I was n't always houseless and friendless. It was n't long since I was happy an' continued in my father's house in the mountains beyond, but wira true 'tis imp'y an' dessolate now. The fire has gone out on our hearth stone, an' my hand will never be strong enough to kindle it again. Many a night I sat by it, listening to old stories, or hearing my mother sing; and the red light dancing up and down her face, an' her voice rising 'n' falling so beautiful, till in spite o' me, my eyes filled up wid tears. That was the pleasant crying; but many is the bitter one from 'em since.

The blight of the hard year fell on our crops, my lady, an' thin come starvation where full and plenty wor afore. A woesome change come over us all; everything was sold to gather the rint; even my own little goldfinch; sure 'tisn't that I grudged it. Mother didn't thin, and when she tried to spake joyfully, to cheer my father up, there was a shake in her voice, and her lip trembled; and they both had a frightened look; no wonder, wid famine staring 'em in the face. For we'd be a whole day, an' more, widout tasting food, an' couldn't get it anyhow; an' I'd go to bed sick an' fainting like; but I didn't mind myself at all at all, only my little sister Norah. In all the country round there wasn't a prettier child, wid her cheeks of pink and snow, an' her white forehead, wid the yellow hair on it, like good rings, only a softer date; an' shining eyes, the colour of the sky in the juniper.

O dear! the hunger bore heavy on the innocent child, an' rubbed out all the clinches in her face an' faded the red blush an' her eyes sunk back in her head as if all the tears she cried put out the light in 'em. An' oh, lady! it would have gone to your heart's heat to see her hold out her long thin hand, an' hear her young small voice, that used to be laughing all day, axing for bread, an' none to the fore. Then mother 'ld soothe her to sleep, an' her face working all the time. The sob would be on Norah's heart, an' she asleep. But one night, after being stupid like a long while, she roused up to say, 'I'm very hungry,' an' before the words wor out of her mouth, she stretched herself out on mother's lap, and died. Well, I telt on grately at that; but mother said God had taken her from the misery, an' she wouldn't be hungry agin, for the angels in heaven were feeding her. Thin I thought, only for mother, I'd like to go too. Father beind her without a coffin.

She was the first I ever saw die; but 'twasn't to be long a strange thing to me.—My father got work at last, but the power to do it was going fast. And mother 'ld keep the last bite an' sup in the house for him, when he'd come in, and make him believe that she ate out, and pretend she was giving him her livings, an' laugh an' joke with him. Och! but her laugh had a quare sound, thin, just like the crushing of her heart; it 'd make my flesh creep; but you wor always minding everybody, barring yourself, mother dear! I heard 'em say no one could drive a spider deeper nor my father once, but hunger's stronger nor the strong man; that is tugging at the inside, thin the arr is very weak. He fainted over his spade, an' was soon lying down in the fever. We wor out of the doctor's way, the priest was always out, an' a weight of sickness on my father, an' nothing to quinch the thirst that was perishing him, barring a can of cold water from the strame afore the door.

Day an' night mother sat beside the whisp of straw that kept him from the floor. O! but his face was hot and red, his two eyes like lightning coals, an' a puff of his breath 'ld burn ye, an' he saying such out o' the way things in his wanerings. Well, we thought he was getting cool; but sure enough, twas Death's own cold finger up on him. For he got quite sensible and said to mother, 'Nora, accusila ma chree, put yer hand under my head, an' raise me; the sight is leaving my eyes, but let me feel ye kissing me; and then he died off quite airy, just as the day dawns; an' the spirit died in me too, but I couldn't help staring at mother. As soon as she had stroked the body, she sated herself for it, and hardly stirring for two days may-be. I thought all her tears were used up; for her eyes wor dry as dust. Them wor the sorrowful days.

There was food in the house thin, but we couldn't taste it; 'tis very airy to give the body enough when the heart is full. On the third day she wrapped him in her old cloak and called me to help her; so we carried him to the grave ourselves, without shroud or coffin, for the neighbors were too hard

put io to keep themselves alive to mind us or our dead. Sure twas the great God gave strength to mother that day, for nothing was too hard for her. We scraped out the earth, out earth and berid him. Mother didn't speak all the time, only shivered, and put her face atme her hands and thin she got up quite stout and walked home so fast that I could scarcely keep up with her. No sooner wor we in than she faint'd away; an' when she come to "Thank God he's berid!" says she: "whin I'm gone, mavourneen, to the neighbours, make 'em put me down beside him. That on't be long," ses she, "for I hear him calling me." I thought may be she was tired, an' enthrashed her to ate, but she wouldn't. Thin she put her arms round me, an' drew me to her, and called me her fair-haired son, her featherless boy, and said the orphan's God wud purtect me. I forgot the pale of her heart stopped when father laid low, and when she said "Go to sleep, darlin', for you need it sore," I slept in her bosom for I was tiret. When I woke, my forehead was agin something cold. Och! 'twas mother's neck, an' the hand I held was stiff. She was dead! A hard sorrow was rasping her heart, an' it fluttered like a bird in a light grip, and at last it got away. Thin I was alone. Thin come the grief and the heart trouble intirely. Though I could hardly crawl, I got to the next house and brought 'em to see if she was dead all out; for though 'twas plain enough, I wouldn't believe she was gone in ainstress, and thought it might be weakness, an' I'd get the better of it. But while all failed, thin by a dale of coaxing I got a man to put her beside my father. I think she wouldn't rest airy anywhere else, an' when she rises from the grave she'll see I kept her word. Och! lady, didn't I feel bitter when she was covered up from me, an' I lost the hand that used to stroke down my hair, an' the loving words and the sweet smile? I always stay beside the grave except when hunger, that has no nature in it, drives me away.

Those fine bright days don't agree wid me at all. Once I used to like to see the sun dazzling, and the stranes looking up so good humoredly at him; but now everything seems swimming before my eyes, full of blinding tears, an' the sky seems laughing at me, an' the little birds in 'em seem to be making game of my grief. But sure they have no feeling that way, the crathurs! An' the only thing that gave me any comfort, was this morning, when I saw a little flower in the grass wid the dew on it. I don't know why, but it seemed sorry for me; it looked like a blue eye full of tears. One else spoke kindly to me since my mother died but it; for didn't it speake? Yes, it told me the great God made it, an' sent it to comfort me; an' to say, He'd mind me, the last on the stem. So I thanked Him on my knees, although I don't know much about Him at all. I wish I did.

Thin when I looked up, I thought of Norah, an' how happy she was; looking down, may be wid her face covered over wid sunshine; an' I felt a sort of gladness; but when I remembered my father an' mother, the pain shot through me again. For they say they're in purgatory, and must stay there a long time for dying without the clergy. That's what kills me intirely; to think of my poor father that niver said an ill word to me, an' my own gentle temper, soft-natured mother that would lift a worm sooner nor thread on it, to be in such burning pain! My head burns when I think of it. I'd rather live any way, for I couldn't bear to be there looking at mother suffering; an' I know I wouldn't go to heaven, because I'm not innocent, like Norah. If I'd only strength I'd wear my kness out, praying round the stations to get 'em out; but that will niver be, for my heart strings tied round my mother an' they're pulling me into the grave, for death couldn't loose 'em.

I was a child afore all the woes happened to me. I don't feel like a child now, though it is not many months since, for, O lady, my heart is grown ould. I didn't break my fast since yesterday; but when I try to ax for something, the blood comes into my face, an' my tongue won't speak for me. An' when I do tell my story, 'tis too common a one to be minded, an' they won't believe I'm telling truth; for they don't know how heavy my heart is, or the squeezing in my heart. People aren't pitiful at all now; nothing shuts up the heart like famine; it has cruel and wonderful power, for it puts mother out of my head. Sometimes I'm afraid I'm too weak to get back to the grave. I wouldn't leave it all, only for fear of the purgatory.

Lady, your speech is gentle, and your eyes are full, like the flower in the grass. Ye say ye will shelter an' feed me. O, if ye could give me back my darling mother!

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There was food in the house thin, but we couldn't taste it; 'tis very airy to give the body enough when the heart is full. On the third day she wrapped him in her old cloak and called me to help her; so we carried him to the grave ourselves, without shroud or coffin, for the neighbors were too hard

put io to keep themselves alive to mind us or our dead. Sure twas the great God gave strength to mother that day, for nothing was too hard for her. We scraped out the earth, out earth and berid him. Mother didn't speak all the time, only shivered, and put her face atme her hands and thin she got up quite stout and walked home so fast that I could scarcely keep up with her. No sooner wor we in than she faint'd away; an' when she come to "Thank God he's berid!" says she: "whin I'm gone, mavourneen, to the neighbours, make 'em put me down beside him. That on't be long," ses she, "for I hear him calling me." I thought may be she was tired, an' enthrashed her to ate, but she wouldn't. Thin she put her arms round me, an' drew me to her, and called me her fair-haired son, her featherless boy, and said the orphan's God wud purtect me. I forgot the pale of her heart stopped when father laid low, and when she said "Go to sleep, darlin', for you need it sore," I slept in her bosom for I was tiret. When I woke, my forehead was agin something cold. Och! 'twas mother's neck, an' the hand I held was stiff. She was dead! A hard sorrow was rasping her heart, an' it fluttered like a bird in a light grip, and at last it got away. Thin I was alone. Thin come the grief and the heart trouble intirely. Though I could hardly crawl, I got to the next house and brought 'em to see if she was dead all out; for though 'twas plain enough, I wouldn't believe she was gone in ainstress, and thought it might be weakness, an' I'd get the better of it. But while all failed, thin by a dale of coaxing I got a man to put her beside my father. I think she wouldn't rest airy anywhere else, an' when she rises from the grave she'll see I kept her word. Och! lady, didn't I feel bitter when she was covered up from me, an' I lost the hand that used to stroke down my hair, an' the loving words and the sweet smile? I always stay beside the grave except when hunger, that has no nature in it, drives me away.

Those fine bright days don't agree wid me at all. Once I used to like to see the sun dazzling, and the stranes looking up so good humoredly at him; but now everything seems swimming before my eyes, full of blinding tears, an' the sky seems laughing at me, an' the little birds in 'em seem to be making game of my grief. But sure they have no feeling that way, the crathurs! An' the only thing that gave me any comfort, was this morning, when I saw a little flower in the grass wid the dew on it. I don't know why, but it seemed sorry for me; it looked like a blue eye full of tears. One else spoke kindly to me since my mother died but it; for didn't it speake? Yes, it told me the great God made it, an' sent it to comfort me; an' to say, He'd mind me, the last on the stem. So I thanked Him on my knees, although I don't know much about Him at all. I wish I did.

Thin when I looked up, I thought of Norah, an' how